

Fate

by Center of the Galaxy

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Summary: Dean can't do this again. He really can't. *11x17 spoilers, one-shot*

Fate

__** Author's Note: **__Still processing all the awesomeness that was 11x17. Just another plot bunny that took over my mind and would not let go until I wrote this. __**Spoilers for 11x17! **__Please enjoy!_

* * *

><p>"Men at some time are masters of their fates:

The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,

But in ourselves, that we are underlings."

â€"_William Shakespeare, "Julius Caesar"_

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><p>Time stops the moment Dean Winchester comes in from the frigid night air and sees Sam dead.<p>

His heart literally cracks within his chest, the pain explodes as the shards of what remains of his heart crush into dust. His pulse quickens, his breath catches as his lungs constrict, trying to get some much needed oxygen, and his legs seem locked into place. He can't move.

It's happening again.

If Dean Winchester believed in fate, he might be convinced that this is all some sort of cruel, cosmic joke that the universe is forever

playing on them. How many times has he comes across Sam's pale corpse? How many times has he felt his baby brother's pulse die under his fingertips?

Cold Oak.

Stull Cemetery.

"Sam."

He kneels down, trying to feel for a pulse, trying to deny what is so obvious to the two terrified civilians in the room. Sam isâ€

Shaking his head, he blinks, trying to clear his vision, trying to will Sam back to life. Sam can't be dead. Dean won't allow it. There must be a wayâ€there is always a wayâ€to save Sam, to bring him back. Damning the world, sacrificing himselfâ€whatever it takes to make his brother breathe again, Dean will do it. Damn the consequences, damn what others might thinkâ€for Sam, Dean will do whatever it takes.

No more second chances.

There's always a way. Dean will find it.

No more second chances.

"Sammy."

Sam isn't moving.

His skin is clammy to the touch and there is so much blood, blood staining his shirt crimson, blood covering his brother's chest, blood on the floor, forever marking the floor with a reminder of what was taken so cruelly from him.

Is this their fate? To forever lose each other? Like grains of sand through his fingers, he can't seem to hold onto his brother. He's always been two steps behind Sam, chasing after him, trying to keep him safeâ€

"Sam, please."

He should be doing something. CPR. Finding reception for help. Something, anything! But he's frozen here, hovering above his brother's body, trying to will his baby brother's heart to beat again just by touching his cheek.

But Sam isn't moving. He isn't going to wake up. CPR won't help if he's bled out. His brother's broken body just couldn't handle waiting and without any warning, Sam let go.

He's gone again.

He's left Dean behind, again.

There's nothing more for Dean to do for him.

"C'mon, Sammy." His voice is cracking now, tears stringing his eyes,

blinding him. This isn't supposed to be happening. Sam isn't supposed to die. This isn't supposed to be a complicated hunt. They're supposed to have funâ€”

Michelle is crying behind him and that stirs something in him. Sam would want him to save the civilians. His little brother, always so noble, so self-sacrificing, such a martyr. But how is he supposed to save anyone when his heart is shattering within him?

_Sam, what am I supposed to do? _

This is their fate. They never stood a chance, did they? All those years of fighting and where does it end? They stopped the Apocalypse, they proved they were more than chess pieces in heavenly war games. But, none of it matters, does it? Because, no matter how much they struggle, it always ends up in the same place.

With Sam, dead.

And Dean, alone.

He can't do this again. He won't do this again.

This is the end of the Winchesters.

"Dean?" Michelle's voice is light, brimming with fear and grief. She needs him to save her and her husband. Sam would want this job finished.

He smiles softly at his little brother and pushes some hair out of his face, "I'll be back, Sammy."

He has to finish this job and then, he'll come back for Sam. He'll fix this, somehow. If he can't, then he'll follow Sam into the dark. He won't let Sam be alone for long.

"Just wait for me, Sam."

Then, getting up, Dean Winchester steels himself and turns to the two terrified civilians in the room.

It's time to end this.

* * *

><p>Author's Note: __Definitely my most tragic piece by far, but I really enjoyed writing it. Please review if you have a moment. _

End
file.